UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1198.

Original Poetry.

COME BIND MY BROW WITH JEWELLS RARE. A BALLAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST. BY SKETCHER

Come bind my brow with jewels rare
Of ruby and pearl below her,
And in my dark and shivering hair
Twine a wreath of flowers too,
Yet shall my glowing cheek outvie
The last tint they bear.
And gems more rare shall light my eye
Than those my locks shall wear.

"Clasp me that bracelet on his arm,
For as my robes of white
Mother, my breast is beating warm,
I shall be queen to-night"

As mute in sorrow lost would trace
The pale, pale features they touch,
So would the ether now embrace
The heart that once was spurned.

Daughter, what mean these words of thine?
Why glares their eye so wild?
Come press thy coral lips to mine,
What ails thee, my child?"
"Mother, I feel—I feel—but not so—"
And she sunk down in death.

The night I was him back: so was
My song, and I had not
A dream of beauty realized!—
A love-ly vision—but a dream.
All speak the truth—but be the proud,
Did not the words repeat,
And nod and smile through the crowd
A war of stars must bright,
She sneered at him—and said that she loved.
Oh! she was Queen that night!

The Lyan light of fell despair
Was o'er her cold decay,
And night's cloud their harps of air
To veil the day.
The light that had the heart belied
Breathed a repentant sigh,
And wasted into perfect purified
Up to its native sky

Original Novel.

MARIAN; Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER V.

Another and another day succeeded—a week slipped away—a second and a third followed it and still the ranks of the royal troops grew though they were filled rapidly, had many vacancies, and arms had yet to be provided, and standards and musical instruments procured, and came continually between the castle and the manor, and all was haste and confusion in the lone glens of the mountain. Meantime a change was wrought in Annabel's demeanor, and all who saw remarked it—there was a brighter pride—never had been seen a deeper in her transparent cheeks: her eyes sparkled almost as brilliantly as Marian's, her lips were frequently parted and beaming with proud smiles; her step was light and springy as a young fawn's on the mountain—Annabel was in love, and knew it—knew that she loved, Annabel was believed and knew it—the young lord's declaration, and the old earl's consent had come between her and all sad thoughts, and heart was given, and her hand promised, almost before the asking. Joy! joy! was there not joy in Ingleborough?

The good old vicar's tranquil air of satisfaction, the loud and eloquent mouth of his kind-hearted daughter—the hearty gay congratulations of wild Marian, who wrote from York, half crazy with excitement and delight—the evident and lovely happiness of the young promised bride—what pen of man may ever assume to write them. All was decided—all arranged—the marriage was, so far, at least, to be held private, that no festivities or public merriment should bruit it to the world, until the civil war should be ended, and the king's power established; which all man lacked, at that day, it would by a single battle—and which, had Rupert whirled upon the flank of Essex at Edge-Hill, instead of chasing the discomfited and flying horse of the left wing of the royal. The Vermilye first it heads, blood from the field of battle, would probably have been the case.

The old earl had sent the wedding gifts to his son's intended bride, had promised to be present at the nuptials, the day of which was fixed already, but it had been decided by that when Dr Vaux should have left upon the royal armies his young wife should continue to reside at Ingleborough, with her honored mother and Isabel—the latter to remain with her friend should unite England once again in bonds of general amity, and the Ingleborough estates be able to return to their former state to his paternal mansions.

Days sped away—how fast they seemed to fly to those happy happy lovers! How was the very hour of their first interview noted, and marked with white in the deep tablets of their minds—how did they sigh, half, half fondly recount each to the other the first impressions of their growing fondness—how did they learn the chance that led them thus together. *Fresh once mess mentioned*—oh! the short-sighted scope of mortal vision! alas! for me—for both!

The wedding day was fixed, and now was fast approaching; and hourly was Marian, with their gentle mistress, at the vicar's house in Ingleborough Hall, and wished for, and discoursed of by the lovers—and oh! would Annabel say, half spiritedly and half fondly in earnest—"well was it for my happiness, De Vaux, that she was absent when you first came hither, for had you seen her first, her beauty, her bright wild radiant face to her rare arch scarcely, her flashing wit, and beautiful enthusiasm would—need have captivated me, and I should not have had then become of your poor Annabel!"

And then would the young lord now—that had he met her first in the most glorious courts of Europe, with all the gorgeous beauties of the world to choose from, and surrounded with a thousand splendors, whether if he had loved another, she could have still loved him; to which, with all the frank and fearless purity that was so beautiful a trait in Annabel—"Oh! yes—" she would reply, and gaze with calm reliance as she did so, into her lover's eyes—"oh yes, dear Ernest—and then how miserably wretched must I have been through my whole life hereafter. Oh! I feel I loved you—though then I knew it not, nor indeed thought at all about it, until you spoke to me—I loved you deeply!—well I believe it would almost have killed me to look upon you afterward as the wife of another."

changes very great, and nowhere probably so strongly marked as in the very spot, where it was wandering—for when she stood there to cull a nosegay, ere she parted, the whole of that fair nook was glowing with the brightest colors, and redolent with the most fragrant perfumes, while hundreds of feathered songsters were filling every brake and thicket with burst of joyous melody—and now only a few of the handiest of the late autumnal flowers, displayed their scattered blossoms, and those too crisp and faded, among sere leaves and withered branches, while, for the mellow warblings of the thrush and black-bird, nothing was heard except the feeble piping of a solitary robin, mixed with the wailing rush of the swollen streamlet.

For nearly an hour she walked to and fro unheeded, and melancholy silence, and thinking, as it seemed from her air and gesture, most profoundly—occasionally she stood for a few seconds in her walk to and fro, and stood still, gazing abstractedly on some spot in the withered herbage, on some pool of the brooklet, with her mind evidently far away, and once or twice she clasped her hands, and lifted them passionately, and sighed very deeply. While she was yielding thus to some deep inward sorrow—for it could be no trivial passing grief that had so suddenly and so completely changed so quick and gay a spirit—a gentle footstep sounded upon the gravel walk, behind a cluster of thick leafy Hazle, and in a moment Annabel stepped from their screen upon the mossy greensward. Her pale and pensive features were even paler, and more thoughtful than was common, and her eyes showed as if she had been weeping, yet her step was as light and elastic as her fairy form, and her soft smile dimpled her cheek, as she addressed her sister.

"Dear Marian, why so early! And why did you not call me to share your morning walk? What ails you, dearest, tell me." For a moment she gazed on her sister, and then leaned upon and wound herself fondly round her neck, from my window, making a bower of her arm—and she kissed her.

"Oh, can you ask me—can you ask me, Annabel!" exclaimed the lovely girl, in a wild earnest burst of passion—"can you not see that my heart is breaking?" and with the words she flung her arms about her sister's neck, and burying her face in her bosom fell into an agony of tears.

Annabel clasped Marian to her heart, and held her there for many moments, kissing away the big drops from her cheeks, and soothing her with many a kind and soft caress, before she replied to her incoherent and wild words—but when her violent sobbing had subsided.

"Dearest," she said, "I do not understand at all, nor can I even guess, what has so grievously afflicted you—but, if you fancy that we shall be parted, that our lives will hereafter be divided, and weep for that fond fancy, it is but a false apprehension that distresses you. It is not hence at all, dear sister, until those fearful wars be over; and, then, by your side I think I time shall place De Vaux and myself, my mansions, which—I pray Heaven—shall not fall for ever. And when I do go—when I do go away from this dear happy place, I cannot—no you did not dream, my sister, that you should go with me. Oh, if you did dream that, it would be very hard for me to part from you."

"Oh, no—no! dear Annabel," replied the other, not lifting up her eyes from off the ground on which she long so heavily, and speaking in a thick husky voice, "it is not that at all—but I am so unhappy—so miserable—so alarming! Oh, would to God—oh, would to God! that I had never gone hence—or that Ernest De Vaux, at least, had not come hither."

"Nay! now, I must know what you mean, Annabel answered mildly, but at the same time very firmly—"I must, indeed, dear Marian, know the sister such words have sprung, in which case it is absolutely right that I your sister and his affianced wife should know it—or if you have not say, are cruel, unkind, and foolish. So tell me—tell me, dear one, if there be aught, that I should know; and, in all cases, let me share your sorrow."

"I know not what you would say, Marian; but your strange words awake strange thoughts in me! We have, indeed, been happy! fond, happy, innocent, dear sisters—and I can see no cause why we should not be so always—the indispensables of the first meal—but silver flagons moulting with mighty ale, and flasks of Rhenish and Canary would more quickly clear the rich board, which groaned beneath sirloins of beef, and hams, heads of the wild boar, and pasties of venison, and many kinds of game and wild fowl.

Ernest De Vaux arose, as Annabel came in, and greeted her sweetly and kindly—for the good vicar's lady, whom he had been regaling with a thousand anecdotes of the court, and as to her age, description, and dress, as though she had quite made up her mind that he was absolute perfection, and hastened forward to meet her with a kind, motherly welcome that was something of embarrassment in its demeanor, something of coldness in her manner, which would have struck a keener eye than that of Annabel's, and friends, but it passed away, as it were, in a moment, for, by an effort he recovered his presence, and his self-possession, and began talking with light, careless pleasantry, that raised a smile upon the lips of all who heard him, except the rich prior, who continued chasing the cloud from the brow of Annabel, who, after a few minutes, as if she had done penance long enough for her petty fault, and the stories of effacing its remembrance both from herself and him, gave free rein to her feelings, and her whole heart to the pleasure that she had been, since his arrival had awakened new sensations and new dreams in her young, gushing heart.

Then, before half an hour had elapsed, more beautiful, perhaps, than ever, Marian made her appearance, and with her fresh cheek and her curls clustered on her cheeks, and flowed down her neck from beneath a slashed Spanish hat of light blue velvet, and her graceful form in an unrivalled figure was set off to more than usual advantage, by the long waist and flowing drapery of her green velvet riding dress. Her face was, perhaps, somewhat paler than its ordinary hue, when she first entered, but as she met the gaze of both her sister and Ernest, they were crimsoned with a burning flush, which passed away, however, instantly, leaving her with a more than usual brightness and vivacity of feeling, and as it seemed, full of a quiet, innocent mirthfulness.

Annabel could not be more perfect than was her manner, during the long protracted meal, toward her sister's lover. She seemed to feel toward him, already, as if he were a tried friend and brother. Her air was perfectly familiar, as she addressed him, yet free from the least touch of fawardness, the slightest levity or coquettishness. She met his admiring gaze—for he did, at times, gaze on her with unfeigned admiration—yet answered it with calm unconsciousness, or with a girlish mirth, that defied misconstruction.

And Annabel looked on—alas for Annabel!—and felt her doubts and suspicions vanishing away every moment. The vague distrust that had sought into her heart, melted away like mist wreaths from before the sun-beam. She only wondered now, what the anxiety, what the fearful doubts possibly have been, which, for a moment, had had maddened her.

Then she began to marvel, what could the sorrow of Marian be, scarce an hour before, had weighed so heavily on Marian; and which had in fact their space so utterly departed. "It must be," she thought, as she gazed on her pure, speaking features, and the clear sparkle of her bright blue eye, "that she too loves, fervently in truth; that she has lost her young heart during her absence from her home and now has overmastered her despair, her self-commanding anguish, to sympathize in her sister's happiness." And then another fear she would win from her that secret sorrow, and soothe it till she should forget the faithless one, and lend her a smile of welcome for his—"Alas! alas! for Annabel!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gastronomics.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LANDLORD.

NUMBER TWO.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Light and colors come in only by the eyes; all kinds of sounds only by the ears, but the several tastes are only by the nose and palate.

has long been to us a matter of astonishment, why one portion of the world should set up a fierce upon an object, that was disgustful to offensive to another, or why one person, we discover that *tastes* are acquirements, we find by a singular deviation to contrariness, that not only remembrance of some of the beginning of things that were hateful and beloved by the Water, which is so generally fast, and healthful, of necessary to our existence, and to our existence, and to our Clergymen, and cold by our Physicians, our tent, at first violent, repugnance Lectures, we modifies the taste, and the babe—yet custom ment of life. Even one renders it an elegant sometimes accustomed, and, finally, and follows the track mechanically, still and follows in disgust. In the eating, it is commenced alike by the children of wealth and poverty, and only settled by long and persevering attention to the habits of others. Pork is a disgusting aversion of our primitive Christian fathers, and gradually grows as extremely relished, as in others, clinging perhaps to the Puritanical and forgetful, does recent discovery of *currant jelly*, although and in spite of the modern improved, is cookery, taste open at a sweety day.

But our astonishment is not so much excited by the peculiar taste of individuals as at the universal and decisive habit of eating, and throwing into the stomach, large quantities of unchewed and indigestible matter. The animals are evidently ordained to masticate their food, and the mastication and temperance seems, to us, a habit that is controlled and governed by various circumstances. On board the steamers, and in the public houses on all the railways—at the accommodation houses on post roads, and at most of the hotels, where we have been, the eating seems to be a matter of mere gormandizing, and the pleasures of the delicacies are always grasped by the knowing ones, and where there is not a supply of the up-country, and the generous, and hospitality grows into a habit that breaks up the constitution, before it is cured in the partly. Even in eating, that seems so simple and common-place that is so unceremoniously thrown in there can be no doubt of the advantages attained by the ancient Cadius Silvius, commander of the Romans in Gaul, ate, at one sitting, 10 capons, 100 snipes, 120 large oysters, and 100 peaches; it must be a matter of the greatest nicety, and, if we believe the history in which this important fact is recorded, it must have been displayed in the eating, that Sardanapalus possessed for him the important office he filled. But we have other Romans alike distinguished for their gormandizing, and for the success of such amusement, for the notoriety they have achieved. Besides, we have some instances, we have not entirely made up our mind to their destructive influence.

"The rest for health on exercise depend,
And temperance fullest when with labor pain'd."

Vitellius, who ruled over Rome for eight months, and consequently, we are sometimes disposed to believe in the gymnastic influences of eating, was famous for his feasts, one of which he gave to Caligula, at which he feasted

youth, we shall close this article with the request that our friends will look to the capacity and condition of their corks—that they will see that the material upon which they exist is not only good, but that it is well cooked, before they permit it to reach their stomachs. The secret of rejuvenescence, if ever discovered, we believe will be found in the kitchen.

In our next, we shall give what we consider a rational dinner, and the conversation with which it is conducted.

J. M. S.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TREMENDOUS RIOTS.

Five Thousand Military Under Arms. Fourteen Killed and Fifty Wounded. The Hon. T. L. Gregg Appeal to for Aid. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief at the head of the Fabrique Forces.

THE BEGINNING.

On the morning of the 5th of July, an attack was made upon a party who were encamped at Fabert's wood, by a band of ruffians. We mention the circumstance as a part of the history of the times, and as among the startling causes of the recent riots. The persons who encamped would seem to have been the commissariat department of the procession of the day previous, and had, for convenience, remained upon the ground where the pic-nic dinner was held, with their dishes, &c., &c. While they were quietly sleeping, they were suddenly attacked by a band of ruffians, about thirty in number, armed with bludgeons, &c., &c., several of the encamped party were most unhesitatingly beaten—staggings were pulled down, crockery destroyed, and four American flags were torn up, burned, or carried away. The ruffians who made the attack, decamped as suddenly as they came, and without being recognized. On Monday, a Committee of the persons attacked, published a card, detailing the circumstances, and offering a reward of one hundred dollars for the detection of the ring-leaders.

In this card, no charge was made against any sect or party, religious or political, as having made or abetted the attack—and we find that the best informed among the Native Party, do not charge it upon the Irishmen. It will only grow out of some difficulty which has not been made public. Nor, so far as we know, did any Philadelphia paper, of Saturday, (or Friday there were none published) charge the attack upon foreigners. But rumor, with her thousand tongues, exaggerated and circulated the story all on Friday and Saturday, making a comparatively small, though outrageous attack, a murderous matter, and dexterously charging it upon the Irishmen. The four torn flags, in connexion with the torn flag of Kensington machinery, (which was borne in the procession of the Fourth) added fuel to the flame which was smouldering among the more excitable portion of the population, and wanted only an immediate aggravation to break out. We know that the charge against the Irishmen as the authors of the attack was made in whispers, and we very into some distant newspapers, through correspondents. Whoever were the party who began this attack, they began the ruin.

The next incident—the proximate cause of the disturbance was the discovery, that on Friday, muskets were taken into the church of St. Philip de Neri, in Southwark. There are various statements relative to this matter, as to how the guns came there, but have not yet seen an entirely reliable and official account. One statement is, that a company of volunteers had been organized, for the defence of the church, under command of Wm. H. Dunn, a brother of the all-defeating Priest of St. Philip, and that twenty-five muskets were furnished from the State Arsenal.

A gathering of thousands of people immediately took place, and the district watch and magistrates exerted themselves successfully, to prevent any violence until the arrival of the Sheriff, who had been sent for, and who promptly came to the church having on the way been called to General Patterson with a request for aid. On the appearance of the Sheriff an examination was called for. After a search of about half an hour, the Sheriff and Aldermen came out with about twelve muskets with bayonets, which they had found in the interior. These were given to the Sheriff's possee, who stationed themselves in front of the Church, and tried the guns with the ramrods, and powder in the crowd—but they were unloaded. They then marched off to the Commissioners' Hall, where they deposited them. The Sheriff then addressed the crowd to the following effect:

"I have, in company with Alderman Hertz and Patterson, been into the Church and have taken possession of all the arms we were able to find. A number of your own citizens, selected by your own Aldermen, are here to give you all since arms from being taken in, as well as to protect the building from injury. I therefore beg of you all, as good citizens, to disperse, and retire to your homes. Further measures will be taken to-morrow to allay the excitement and to preserve the peace.

A portion of the assemblage here cheered the Sheriff, and a few of those around, retired but the great body remained upon the ground as late as sixteen o'clock. As matters still looked ominous, Mr. Wright Astle, (one of the wounded in Kensington) addressed the crowd, and advised them to disperse, and return to the church with the Sheriff, and perhaps one or two of the Aldermen of the District. A shower sprinkled up, the crowd in a great measure dispersed.

At about 12 o'clock the City Guards, Captain Hill, came upon the ground. Alderman Hertz, Astle, with his posse, and Alderman McKinley had local in the church, in addition to the 12 muskets taken out before, and brought with the following pieces, 19 pounds of different kinds, a keg of powder, and a box of cartridges. Of the guns found, 11 were loaded, some of which that they could not have been fired without bursting the pieces. The greater part of the guns were "cancelled" on the breech of the United States arms. There were also found 6 swords and bayonets fastened to poles, to the pews. In the church were found a number of the congregation, the fair Mr. Dwyer, whom, who were prepared to defend the building of stick.

The military then took possession of the building. The arms were taken from the church to the Commissioners' Hall, attended by an entirely wore addressed to the fellow-citizens the officer in command of the Guards, to disperse in. The Guards, artillery, and were taken before Alderman Hertz and on being put under bonds to keep the peace on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

It may be well to state generally to the 4th were put in the Church in anticipation of an July, and that the anticipation of an gathered by the Sheriff that appears to be attack. It is [illegible] a portion of the congregation [illegible] during unstrustworthy, were "cancelled" in reference to the fourth] to be put in order. It was his returning them to the Church on Friday, which made the fact public that arms were there; and of course it was to be expected, that the guard of the night previous would rally when the building was removed.

SATURDAY.

The City Guard held possession of the Church on Saturday morning, and during the day, though large crowds gathered, no violence was attempted. But the night of the seventy or eighty stand of arms found in the Church was oozing its work among the multitude, and was beginning to be rehashed from mouth to mouth, creating immense excitement. Alderman Saunders, in a speech, besought the throng to retire, and, in doing so he asserted that every weapon and all ammunition had been removed from the Church, and that there was no cause for further excitement. He begged all to use their exertions to allay the present ill feeling.

About half past two o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Cadwalader rode into the street on horseback, and, in a short address to those gathered about, endeavored to persuade them to retire to their homes, but without having any effect. In reply to questions put to him as to the authority by which arms were taken into the Church, he stated that an order for twenty muskets had been issued under the authority of the Governor, and they had been delivered by him for a short lending of the order. He then repeated his endeavors to persuade them to disperse, but he had to retire without being able to effect anything.

During the afternoon on Saturday, Gen. Hobart, having learned that Wm. H. Dunn, in whose charge the arms had been taken into the Church, had stated that he was a private company, we have already spoken, was an unnaturalized citizen, proceeded to his house, in company with Dr. Stafford, and demanded his commission papers—these were given up, and of course the company was disbanded.

The excitement was increasing every hour. Women seemed more earnest than men, in their conversation upon these most exciting subjects, and many of them used language of bitter and inflammatory. As night approached, the crowd swelled, till at last the place before the Church, and up and down the street in each of the four directions, became a dense mass of human beings. Extra constables were sworn in, and large bodies of peace police organised—but every incident, as is usual, only swelled the excitement. If a man tripped or stumbled, it caused a rush—the cause, of course, eagerly claiming to know the meaning of every motion into which they were compelled—each one ignorant as the other.

St. Philip's Church is situated in Queen street, between Second and Third streets; and it may be as well to remind our distant readers that the streets here cross each other, with few exceptions, at right angles, and (the larger streets) at regular intervals. The first street to the North, or "above" Queen, is Catharine, and the next German. On the South, or below, the first street is Queen to Christian. There are in the neighborhood vast numbers of narrow alleys, which placed the soldiery under a fire, Washington Blues, Cadwalader Grays, Markle Rifle, and City Guards. The crowd gradually increased in number and turbulence, and at 6 o'clock the Artillerists arrived with three field pieces; these were stationed at Second, Third, and Queen streets, commanding every avenue to the Church. Gen. Cadwalader then, with a platoon of men, charged upon the throng in Second street below Queen street, driving them down to Christian street. The same measures were adopted up Second and in Queen street, above Third and below Second, with a good many arrests were made by the military and police. In Third street matters appeared to have a serious aspect when Washington Blues, and the Artillery in command struck by them, preparations were made to discharge the field piece stationed there. The soldiers of Gen. Cadwalader, on the charge with the mob to disperse, was received with groans and hisses, and he was battered and jarred to fire!

As this was a crisis, Gen. C. slowly and distinctly gave the command to take aim! The fire was received with groans and hisses, and without turning his head to see whether Gen. Cadwalader, late a member of Congress, stepped before the gun, and told the crowd, as the men stood at a shoulder, that he had no right to fire!" Other accounts say that he countermanded the order, or called Gen. C. to the side of the piece to see that no one fired. He was immediately arrested, by order of the general, and put under guard, in the basement of the church! The mob cried out for his release, but the steady front preserved by the military awed them, and the mob gradually dispersed. Wherever any sign of disturbance was shown, immediate arrests were made under the direction of the military. Their destination, Fourteen

United States SATURDAY POST.

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☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Gazette, Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ WM. Swain is travelling agent by the name of Wilcoxen.

☞ C. W. JAMES, of Hamilton county, Cincinnati, Ohio, is appointed a travelling agent for the Saturday Post, and authorized to receive *Thomas Jefferson, Jno. S. Skinner, G. H. Cornwood, J. Fenimore Cooper, T. Dunn and H. Lee, Attorneys.*

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of S. Trip, formerly of Hannibal, Missouri, who is in the army in this place.

Of Jacob Boland, papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, do. do.

Of Francis Demain, formerly of Brownsville, Pa., do. do.

Of O. A. White, formerly of Vermont, P. O. N. York, do. do.

Of G. F. Weeks, formerly of Waterloo, New York, do. do.

Our Traveller.

POLITICAL REVIEW OF EUROPE.

The last arrivals from Europe show considerable changes in the political aspects of Europe, which it may be well to notice briefly. More important of these are the prevailing position of Sir Robert Peel, the greater opposition met by the King of the French in the way of a peaceful harmony of the Legitimists, and the threatened rupture of the alliance between England and France, on the Spanish question, in favor of the France and Spain, jointly, against the Emperor of Morocco.

Sir Robert Peel never enjoyed the confidence of his own party; and was always accused by them of being a Whig at heart, and destroying those who, not from choice, but from necessity, put their trust in him. Sir Robert was, and is now, notwithstanding all the clamor of the Tory journals, *the necessary man*, the indispensable factotum of the Tory party. They have no other man besides him capable of being at the head of the government. They know it well enough, and hence never admits many persons into his own councils; but after having sought for his support in every division, given him a signal for battle, well knowing that the instinct of self-preservation will make them do their duty. Sir Robert is only the lieutenant of the Tory principle of England; but a sort of compromise entered into by the Tory leaders to secure the services of a most tenacious and conducting the government. He has led his employers against their will, and only partially with their consent, in the modification of the Corn Laws, and he is now leading them against their will and consent into the modification of the Tariff. He has put down the project of Ferdinand Cortez led the Spaniards in Mexico, by burning his ships and cutting off their retreat. He has destroyed the power of the commutable ability of Sir Robert Peel, his administration would be ruined in a week or a close. The sugar duties will undermine it; the combined efforts of the Corn Law and Repeal Agitation, and the constant political condition of France, will overthrow it.

The English and French alliance is on the point of dissolving and of uniting the British sense of the word. The war between France and Morocco has actually commenced, and if France should be successful in subduing the Moors as she has Algiers, and plead necessity as an excuse for the act, England will be reduced to either consent to the aggrandizement of her neighbor opposite to her own Gibraltar, or to share amicably the dominion of the Mediterranean with her ancient ally. On the 30th day of May, an imperial prince and near relative of the Emperor Abderrhaman, attacked Gen. *Lamoricière* at Lalla Maraguia, in the French territory; but was repulsed with great loss, and did not renew his attack up to the 8th of June (the date of the last advices.) The attack appeared to be the position of El Granni, another Imperial General, and Abd el Kader, who has again collected a considerable force, obliged the French Government to develope considerable energy. In Marseilles, Toulon and Portsmouth, troops are mustering and embarking for Africa, to fortify every position. Four regiments are already embarked, ten regiments in the south of France have received orders to hold themselves in readiness. Prince de Joinville takes command of the fleet, which, however, consists of but nine, of the line—that the ship (the Sovereign) two frigates, and four steamers, which, however, may be increased by the fleet at present under Admiral Parseval Deshênes, consisting of four ships of the line, two frigates, and several smaller vessels. The fleet will be under the command of Canteur Admiral Souzas and the Infant Don Enrico, consisting of one ship of the line, eight frigates, and several corvettes and four smaller vessels, lies already before Tangiers, and is destined to act in concert with *the French*. The Emperor, in the capital of his reputation, Marshal Bugeaud is to cross the Atlas mountains at the head of 10,000 Frenchmen, to attack Fez, the capital of Morocco, while the joint fleets are to bombard Tangiers, Tetuan, &c. Morocco, as may be easily foreseen, will be beaten, and will be obliged to pay the cost of the war. She has no money, and must therefore compromise by ceding some important places or districts of state do not quite chide the sympathies of human nature, the corporators fared better: there they had the pleasure of seeing the sun shine on which their measures or protest made against the government element most vociferously by the opposition, and they refused pleasant, but a what homer dispensing their object. The writ of error will, as is already known, be argued before the House of Lords, on the ground that the French jurist fled through the door of the jail, wounding the jailer, and escaped through the window; upon he and his brother rushed for the window, but the door of the jail opening, when Joe received three balls through his body, and died out of the window upon the ground, when one of the mob immediately stabbed him ten or three times with a sword. Hyam and Carthage all the building received twelve or fifteen balls through his body. Joe's body was taken in Carthage. The Mormons were dispersed, but were kept in subjection by the leaders and more particularly by Joe's brother, who seemed to hate the most influence."

The Lancaster (Ohio) Eagle says:

"We have seen a gentlemen who was in Nauvoo on Friday, and who informs us that all was then quiet. On the night previous the mounce exhorting their followers to offer no resistance, but to submit to any writ, and in no case to offer violence except to attack self defence. The Mormons have sold all of their property, and will leave for Iowa in the Spring. The cause of the burning of Warsaw or Carthage. We presume that the Mormons will now find everything explet, who will become Joe Smith's functions."

In the St. Louis New Era of the 31st of July, we find still another account, which contains some important facts. It is made on the authority of the captain of a steamer, which left Nauvoo on the 30th. This account, being the Mormon version, has not only exonerates the guard from the charge of neglect or participation in the tumult, but shows, handfull of men though they were, that they strove to do their duty, by resisting the attempt to rescue.

The captain of the steamer says that he stopped at Nauvoo for several hours, and talked with a member of Mormonism, and while there, a body of Mormons came in bearing the dead bodies of Joe Smith and Hiram Smith, Mr. Phillips was not killed, but was so injured when the steamer left, making a speech to the Mormons, and advising them to peace. No Mormons were killed except Joe and Hiram Smith. The Mormons all express a determination to keep the peace, and not to resort to violence in any emergency of defence. They state that at Carthage, about fifty or one hundred men, disguised, suddenly rushed on the jail house; that the guard fled on sight, and wounded three of them—that the men in disguise fired into the jail and killed Hiram Smith at the first volley—that Joe Smith had a six-shooter, and fired two or three times without effect, but was himself soon killed by a ball through the head. Mr. Phillips is the Nauvoo Neighbor, was in jail, and was shot through the thigh, but not seriously injured. All those who disguised themselves, and who

Sacred Poetry.

THE ONEIDA'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

How doth a cloud gather,
Fast child of the breeze!
O'er the home of thy fathers,
Whose hill fires flashes!
No more shall the wild-wood
Resound with the gladness
Of the voice of the childhood—
Its tones are of sadness!

Oh! where are the hunters
Once joyously springing
From the foot of the mountain,
With sweet music ringing?
It fled in the speed,
That lightened in water,
When the stranger came near it
To camp it with slaughter.

And where the sweet flowers,
Round each bright mountain's flowing,
That gemmed our fair bowers?
Their rich sweetness homeward
The pale spirit hath carried them,
They withered and faded,
As if only created them—
Their brightness was shaded!

The curse of the Spirit
Around me is throwing;
He is destined to wrest it,
Though wild be its breathing.
At his voice the high mountain
Shrinks back as if blighted,
And the flower of the mountain
Hangs drooping and blighted.

Selected Articles.

THE CRANBERRY.

There are two species of this plant, the fruit of which is now so very largely employed as a luxury and as a medicine, as a cheap and effective antiscorbutic among seamen. The common cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*), grows wild in upland marshes and turf-bogs, both in England and Scotland, and generally over the northern parts of Europe. It is a trailing plant, with slender shrubbery shoots, which are clothed with small linear leaves; the fruit is so austere red berry about the size of the common currant. It flourishes by the sides of the little rills, and not among stagnant water, as its botanical name would imply; hence the difficulty of making it an article of culture. The Russian exporters of the shoots are probably not by this species, and are so abundant in some localities, that the water is stained crimson by the berries crushed in passes by the carriages of sledges over them. They are not gathered till after the first frosts have set in, so that those brought from the Baltic are always the crop of the preceding year. Before our own bogs and mosses were so extensively subjected to draining and cultivation, cranberries were gathered in large quantities; and it is stated that at Langton, on the borders of Leicestershire, they were once of a considerable an article of commerce, that at the season of gathering the poor-rate was lowered. Now but few people each market day, for five or six weeks together. Chilicanton has, however, changed the order of things, and the cranberry is seldom to be met with unless in the parts of Northern and Eastern sense of the border wilds, and in the mosses of Scotch Highlands.

The American cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) closely resembling the common sort, but is larger and more luxurious plant. Its fruit is also larger, and of a longish shape; hence the term macro-carpus, long-fruited. It is imported from the United States in considerable quantity, and used for the same purposes as the other, only it is considered to be of inferior quality. The American cranberry, though a trailing wild in great abundance, is a plant of easy culture; and in some parts of the United States, barren wastes, meadows, and coarse herbage, are converted into profitable cranberry beds at little expense. Any meadow, it is said, will answer for their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs; and if such are covered with some bread-weed, the bushes should be cleared away; but it is not necessary to remove rushes, as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. Some soil ordinarily thought fit only previous to planting; the latter process being performed by digging holes, four feet distant each way, to receive the roots of the young plants. In three years, the whole ground is covered with the vines; and more will in full bearing will often produce two hundred bushels, which bring about one dollar per bushel in the American market.

The cultivation of the American cranberry in our own country, was first recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, and horticultural gardeners have been so successful in the attempt, that this berry may now be regarded as one of our cultivated fruits. "However rare it is a period," says Nuttall, "the margin may, at a trifling expense, be fitted for the culture of this plant, and it will continue productive for many years. All that is necessary is to drive a few stakes, two or three feet from the margin of the pond, and to place some old boards, or fascines, so as to prevent the soil of the cranberry bed from falling into the water; then supply a parcel of small stones or rubbish on the bottom, and over it put a bog-earth to the depth of about eight inches above, and seven inches below the usual surface of the water. In such a situation the plants grow rapidly, and if a few be put in, they entirely cover the bed in a year or two, by means of their long runners, which take root at different points. From a very small space, a very large quantity of cranberries may be gathered, and they bring a remarkably regular crop, scarcely affected by the state of the weather, and not subject to the attacks of insects. Although a moist situation is best suited to the plant, with a proper mixture of bog-earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively dry soil. It is seldom, however, so treated, the ground better being so easily and cheaply procured.

What are called North cranberries are not the fruit of an oxycoccus, but that of the vaccinium vitis idea. This plant, according to Loudon, produces fruit quite as fit for tarts and marmalade as any of the others, while it is of the easiest possible culture in any sort of moist peat, requiring, indeed, no attention for years, and a mere cutting of the long shoots thereafter than either the common or long-fruited cranberries above mentioned. All the varieties of cranberry have a peculiar flavor, and a sharp acid somewhat tonic; but they cannot justly possess these qualities in greatest perfection. It is said that some very fine ones have recently been brought from New South Wales; and no more than probable that they flourish in the southern temperate and alpine regions of as well as in the northern. The cranberry is an easily preserved fruit, will continue a long favor for many years. Britain imports from 25,000 to 40,000 gallons annually.—*English paper.*

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

In the year 1819, an English ship, on her passage from Jamaica to Whitehaven, had among her passengers a young lady and her infant only a few weeks old. One pleasant afternoon the captain perceived a sail, and, after he had gratified his curiosity he pleasantly offered his glass to the lady, that she might obtain a clear view of the object. Mrs. Scarrow had also gratified her curiosity, and placed about the little innocent and placed it on a sofa upon which she had been sitting. Scarrow's hair also appeared on deck, and when the helmsman exclaimed, "Good God! see what the monkeys have done with the child." The reader may judge of the mother's feelings when, on turning round, she saw the monkey in the act of transporting her beloved child apparently in sport to the mast head.

The monkey was a very large one, and strong and active, that while it grasped the infant firmly with one arm, it climbed with utmost nimbly by the other, totally unconcerned by the weight of its burden. The sight was sufficient for the terrified mother, and she took her self-possession, and she took her self-possession, and she took her self-possession